# ALL-NEW ULTIMATES®

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# ALL-NEW ULTIMATES

Teen super heroes **Spider-Man**, **Kitty Pryde**, **Cloak** and **Dagger**, **Bombshell**, and **Black Widow** are **the New Ultimates.**

Their **FIRST** mission is to **CLEAN UP THE STREETS**, starting with drug-dealing gang, the **SERPENT SKULLS.**

The **ULTIMATES** and the **SERPENT SKULLS** had a showdown.

They caught a bunch of the Serpent Skulls and delivered them to the police...

Including the bloodthirsty vigilante, **SCOURGE.**



But **CROSSBONES**, the leader of the Serpent Skulls, escaped into the sewer...


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NYC WESTSIDE SEWER.

**ALL-NEW ULTIMATES.**

Their mission: locate and apprehend gang fugitive Crossbones, but more immediately to avoid getting crushed by...

VERRRRR-MIN!

Flank this guy! Go, go, go!

I could be wrong, but I don't think that's Crossbones.

Maybe he got covered in radioactive goo?

KRUNCH

*Black Widow* a.k.a. *Jessica Drew*-- team leader with proportionate strength of a Spider-Man clone.

*Rhgff!* Heavier than he looks--

That would make him a turtle.

Worry about it later--you're *up!*

*Sshraktktkt*

*Vermin* hungry--!

Vermin, table *manners!*

THROOK

*Spider-Man* a.k.a. *Miles Morales*-- can punch out foes four times his size. Sometimes they even stay down.

Not blaming the public school system ***at all,*** Verms--

--but your vocabulary--

--uh, stinks--

YAHH!

VERMIN KILL!

TINK

Am I dead? Am I dead?

Snap out of it, kid! I can't keep you intangible forever!

Kitty, wait--!

THWAK

Uhrnng!

Sshraktktkt

This is why I never =pthui= keep costumes for long.

*Kitty Pryde--*
Phasing/intangibility powers, hyper-densing, and can even walk on water if she so chooses.

KR-CHOOMM

Hey, *whoa* there--

Quicker than he looks, this creature.

*Cloak* a.k.a. *Tyrone Johnson*--
Human conduit who can absorb/ channel the Darkforce. He can teleport, too.

Heads up, Dagger!

Jeez, thanks a bunch, Cloak!

Some boyfriend *you* are.

ZRRKASCHT

Wait, stop him!

That *barely* fazed him!

Sshraaaaaaaktktkt

*Dagger* a.k.a. *Tandy Bowen*-- A walking arsenal of living light generation and manipulation.

You could've at least blasted him with another--

Don't you even--! Like you couldn't *teleport* him out of the way to begin with.

C'mon, Ty, chucking him my way was uncalled for!

Look, that was freaky...we're all in shock. But we have to keep moving.

Maybe this Vermin monster got to Crossbones before we could.

His blood trail *did* kind of end around here.

He was bleeding all over the place...

He couldn't have gotten far...

Let's give it another couple of hours. We *have* to find him.

I'm totally down to walk through miles of human waste. I don't know how you guys do this kinda stuff without masks.

We can't just leave that monster to roam the sewers. He's probably not alone.

I mean, can you imagine an army of those things? What if they have an entire *civilization* down here?

His howl sounded really familiar, actually, pretty close to the noises I used to hear from the church's vents.

Right now, let's find this *Crossbones* creep and get the hell out of here. We can come back for this *Vermin* guy later.

God knows there are enough things to fear above ground as it is.

A complete list, Delazny. And that includes your gun merchant. Give us every single perp you took out, every thug, every kid...

Unless they wear a costume or street gang colors.

I *told* you, I don't remember. And I don't kill kids.

They make that choice. I just enforce the consequence.

*Scourge* a.k.a. *Charlie Delazny*-- vigilante with a high body count.

Detective Paul *"The Crippler"* Dennis.

You look like a list maker, Delazny. Obsessive, antisocial... you're telling me you don't document your power trip?

Detective Vernon Brooks.

MIDTOWN SOUTH PRECINCT.

The guy can't count that high, is all.

What I want to know is how some *high school janitor* got a wild hair up his butt to start gunning down gang members.

Because *your* kind is too scared, too rotten to do anything about it. I see it first-hand, how these kids ruin lives.

Tell me more about this *"your kind"* concept.

Tribe mentality, mob rule, criminals *and* authority--all the same. Apply it to race.

Coincidence most of these gangs are black or Puerto Rican or foreigners? Cops do squat to stop these freaks.

I've no problem co-existing with other types, but the problem begins when they start messing with my quality of life. You can say I got fed up.

Let me guess. You got mugged once too many times on your lunch break?

Once too many? Like your partner said...

I can't count that high.

Detective Brigid O'Reilly--head of NYC's anti-gang unit.

*Groannnn...* oh, God, now I feel ***really*** embarrassed.

KNOCK KNOCK

Detective O'Reilly? Is this a bad time?

No, no! By all means, come in. You must be the Bengal. I appreciate your expedited transfer.

Glad I could lend a hand. Looks like I got here just in time for you to wrap up a case.

Detective Duc No Tranh a.k.a. *"The Bengal."*

This the Scourge guy your unit was after?

The one and only. I was just bemoaning the fact that part of me appreciated his *"efforts,"* but turns out the guy's a racist maniac.

He's operating solo, so there's nothing we can bleed him for. Anyway...

You have to understand, we've been ordered from on-high to stand down and ignore ***all*** gangs.

Thought that was a rumor.

No such luck. Then this Scourge thing got out of hand, got gang related...

Then the thing with Terry happened...

I heard about Detective Schreck. My condolences.

Yeah.

I just wish there was a ***body*** to bury.

NYC WESTSIDE SEWER.

÷Gulp÷-- What did I just step on?

All-white costumes were made for missions like this.

Bombshell's missing all the fun. Any word from her?

Lana's gonna lay low for a bit, recover some.

Last I heard, she was going to the doctor to make sure that drug she inhaled didn't do any *real* damage.

I'm glad that's the extent of what the Serpent Skulls did to her.

Aside from killing her boyfriend?

You know what I meant, Jess! C'mon!

Oh, good! Just when I thought it was time to start heading back, we come upon a palace...

...and a trail...

...of some mystery gunk?

Dagger, wait--!

Ugh, that smell!

AAAGH!

O...

It's okay, he's probably more scared of us.

That... that's a pile of bodies behind him, isn't it?

Ultimates, brace yourselves.

Wait a minute, is that--?

It's that cop, Schreck! The cop that got maimed back in that alley.

Hey, man, can you hear me? Let's get you out of here, okay? Let's get you back to the hospital.

O... O'Reilly... where...

HALT!

ZAP

ZHIT

I thought Vermin--would have taken care of--you trespassers. I see you have not--taken the hint.

SSSSSShraktktkt

We're just passing through, looking for a missing person.

Looks like you found--him. But he's been rifling--through my dear old friends. And Agent Crock doesn't--like snoopers.

That means we're going to have to bring him in, doesn't it?

Put that staff down, Mr. Crock. We don't mean trouble.

I don't think--you mean that.

TRXX

KPFT

Wait, I-- oof!

Hey, don't you go anywhere!

KRK

Oh, God-- not you again!

WHAM

Children... nothing but ch-- AEGHK!

We were trying to be cool and calm, but now that we see your pile of "friends," you're done!

Dagger!

S'okay--not used to getting hit by my own blades.

ZAPTSHRT

You know not-- what you speak of.

ZZZZTTTTCHH

Enough foolin' with strictly bargain basement here!

What have yztzt/0101/z

ZTZTZ01 01OTZTZTZ

Hmm?!

hHraaaaarrrr!

ztztVERMINO101NO

...han-hanDUHK...

PLP SH

Why CrOck hurrrrrr-- VERrrrMIN?

Leave--our domainzzzz/0101/

Done enough-- DA0101MAGE

We'll be more than happy to leave.

But first--

--this loose end.

THR-

ZZZ-AP

THWMP

R-Rrrrrr...

H-hand... telling me something...

Zzz/01010sonn...

Mother's son--small town--good grades--college--practice, practice--practice--S.H.I.E.L.D., low rank field operative-- then the experiments began--

Early--crude--super-soldier torture--Roxxon affiliated, not fully approved--S.H.I.E.L.D. over--I'm declared dead-- dumped.

Not dead, new home is sewer--Roxxon's private wasteland--where I belong--with other failed experiments--mostly dead--Vermin and me...

...survivors...

...survivors...

Live here--left people alone--sometimes we would steal but not all the time.

Steal food--supplies--from mole people--underground families--we had to live, too--we were kings...

We are part of the body count.

Sewer--S.H.I.E.L.D.--small town.

EAST VILLAGE.

Scourge. Not special enough to get under my skin. Wanted recognition like the rest of the world. It's what got him caught.

So why am I still creeped out?

*Vigilante is being lauded by the Hell's Kitchen community as local hero. News at 11.*

New guy seemed decent. I hear the Bengal was sent to us as the dregs of his department. We can certainly use some excessive force.

Huh. Wonder what my goofy nickname should be.

BZZZZZTZZZZZT

*Argh!* Would you mind getting that? There's some cash by the door.

Vacation time, I know. Can't afford time off.

What I really want is no more vigilantes, no more gang war, no more missing bodies, no more death on my streets.

BZZZZZTZZZZZT

It's Mexican-- you can have some if you want!

Not my streets. Not my business. Better off being a mindless little soldier instead of caring too much.

Not smart to care. Quickest way to heartbreak.

I...

...should've... c-called first, O'Reilly.

NEXT: FEMME FATALES!

BLACK MANTA
EMPIRE
FINCH